

The End: Thoughts and Feelings

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SUMMARY: Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan's thoughts and feelings at the end of TPM, while Qui-Gon is dying.

DISCLAIMER: I don't own these characters, Lucasfilm and Mr. George Lucas do. I'm not receiving any money for this. I haven't read any novelization of TPM, so any likeness between these two stories is purely coincidental.

NOTE: // is telepathy.

_No, _Obi-Wan thought in a daze. _This can't be happening._

Just minutes ago, Qui-Gon had been pierced through with a Sith lightsaber while Obi-Wan watched, helpless.

Then the laser beams had cycled off, and he raced through, intent on avenging Qui-Gon. After a long, pitched battle, Obi-Wan had triumphed over the Sith.

And, here he was now, holding his dying master, helpless " AGAIN " to do anything.

"Obi-Wan," and his Master, his strong, powerful Master, could barely draw enough breath to wheeze to his strong, practically unharmed Padawan.

Obi-Wan felt like he was dying inside. He could not imagine a life without Qui-Gon, the man he had come to know and realize as his

father, ever since Qui-Gon he taken him as his Padawan when Obi-Wan had been but 13.

"Promise me you'll train the boy," his master whispered.

"I promise" Obi-Wan said, though his every instinct warned â€" no, SCREAMED â€" at him that the boy was too dangerous, that he shouldn't be taught. But Obi-Wan didn't care. He was ready to sell his soul if his master told him to. To please his master in his last moments of life, to ease his passage.

"He is the Chosen One- he will bring balance- trainyou musttrain him

And Qui-Gon Jinn, Jedi Master, died.

_No, _Obi-Wan thought. Oblivious to everything, unaware â€" no, uncaring- of his own depleted strength, he had only one thought.

_No. It wasn't supposed to happen this way. _

_It should have been me. He is-WAS-a great Jedi Master. It _should have_ been me._

Qui-Gon didn't think he had ever felt pain like that before. When the Sith's lightsaber pierced him, it was red-hot. All he could feel was the pain. It was like Agony had punched him right in the stomach with a clenched fist.

The light, the light of the Force, beckoned to him. Qui-Gon resisted its pull, albeit reluctantly. He had to stay to the end, to communicate to Obi-Wan, his Padawan, his adopted son, what was vital. Tell him to train Anakin.

To say goodbye to the boy- no, man- he had come to think of as his son.

Dimly, he was aware of the battle going on between his apprentice and the Sith. By craning his neck, he could just make out the battle. He saw Obi-Wan fall of the ledge, and his heart contracted with pain.

_No. He can't be dead. It can't end like this. I _will_ die, but he must live. He _must!

But, then Obi-Wan flipped over the Sith, and chopped it in half. Qui-Gon let his head roll back, as he felt the tremors in the force when the Sith died.

He was aware, dimly, of Obi-Wan rushing to his side, and he felt himself being lifted up in his Padawan's strong arms.

He was aware of his mouth, using much of the remainder of his physical strength, telling Obi-Wan to train the boy. He heard Obi-Wan confirm that he would train Anakin.

He was aware of his body weakening, as his soul grew brighter and stronger. So strong, until it did not need his flesh anymore and hungered to pull free of mortal restraints.

//I wished I could've seen you grow up, Obi-Wan. There is much I wished to teach you, much I wished to tell you, my Padawan.//

//You didn't have to tell me all of it, Master. I knew.//

//Never forget me, or your promise to me, Obi-Wan.//

//I never will, Master. How could I?//

//Farewell, my Padawan. Goodbye.//

Qui-Gon could barely hear Obi-Wan shout //NOO!// in his mind.

The light beckoned to him. He could resist its call no longer.

//Remember my Padawan. there is death. There is the..Force.//

And Qui-Gon Jinn, Jedi Master, died.

End
file.